A N

ELEGY on the DEATH

OF THE LATE

GEORGE, Lord PIGOT.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

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AN

ELEGY

ON THE MUCH-LAMENTED

DEATH

OF THE LATE

GEORGE, Lord PIGOT.

DEDICATED TO

HUGH PIGOT, *Esq.*

Hark! 'tis the doleful Summons of the Dead,
Breaks thro' the Silence on the list'ning Ear—
When, lo! the Mourners press with solemn Tread,
And ev'ry Knell for PIGOT draws a Tear!

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

HUGH PIGOT, Esq.

SIR,

THOUGH the amiable Qualities which have so long, and so eminently distinguished you, are too well known to leave your Delicacy any thing to apprehend from the boldest Excursion of a dedicatory Address, yet had not Custom given the meanest in the Muses' Train, a Sort of *prescriptive* Right to approach the worthy and the good, I could never have presumed to cast the following poetical

Sprigs

Sprigs at your Feet, who am but an humble Wanderer on the Borders of Parnaſſus.

It is, Sir, an undeviating Rule with the Bard, to ſeek a Refuge for the Hero of his Piece, where a Similitude of Manners may be found to prevail; and I hope, at leaſt, I ſhall not be thought to want your Pardon for copying the Example, ſince you are, confeſſedly, ſo much your late unfortunate Brother, that no Monument, while You live, can be neceſſary to put us in Mind of his Virtues.

In the late affectionate Zeal, an admiring World ſaw you animated with, for the Honour and Safety of the noble Lord, your Attachment to the Conſanguinity in which you ſtood, was too warmly felt, not to win even upon the Love of your Opponents, and fill every diſ-

paſſionate

paſſionate Breaſt with a Satisfaction equal to your own, at the Succeſs with which it met: But, alas! they have, at the ſame Time, to lament with you, that the *Criſis* of his *Fate*, ſhould have prevented him from experiencing the Juſtice the Honorable Company intended his Lordſhip, by *re-inſtating* him in the Government of Madraſs, from which a Stretch of Violence, if not the greateſt, the moſt *uncalled* for, had dared to depoſe him.

But I deſiſt. Other Pens, no doubt, will do him ampler Right. I ſhall, therefore, add no more of his Lordſhip, than that there lives not a Perſon in India, but may ſay of him, as Hamlet of his murdered Father:

"——— take him for all in all,
"I ſhall not look upon his like again."

All, Sir, that I have to hope for, will be fully derived, if the characteriſtic *Traits* here

ſubmitted,

ſubmitted, for I dare call them nothing elſe, ſhould be thought to do no Diſcredit to the Memory of your illuſtrious Brother, or to juſtify, in any Degree, the Liberty I take in ſubſcribing myſelf,

SIR,

Your moſt devoted,

And moſt obedient,

Humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

AN

ELEGY, &c.

I.

APOLLO hail! the Muſes' tuneful Sire!
Propitious Guardian o'er the laurell'd Mount!
With thy enliv'ning Glow my Verſe inſpire,
Tho' laſt of all the lyric Race I count.

II.

As Prieſts inwrapt with great Religion's Cauſe,
Breathe out a pure enthuſiaſtic Zeal,
Teach me each ſwelling Note, each ſighing Pauſe,
And all the Turns of Woe that Poets feel.

III.

Enrich my ev'ry Thought! my Ardor raiſe!
Till Pity's ſoft'ning Touch my Fancy wings;
And ſweet melodious Periods grace my Lays,
In Strains pathetic as the Theme it ſings.

IV.

For ah! no common elegiac Grief
Flows here, to claim a Vot'ry's maiden Song,
That breaks to fill the tear-embelliſh'd Leaf,
And ſnatch the Bays from Fame's experienc'd Throng.

V.

No Party's private Jar the Ear invades,
Nor courtly Clamour for the Smiles of State;
'Tis here the Heart's domeſtic Throb pervades,
'Tis here it melts at PIGOT's hapleſs Fate!

Yes,

VI.

Yes, PIGOT! firſt-ey'd Child of Nature's Choice —
All-wak'ning Shade! to Men and Heaven dear —
Of thee, it is, I'd found my plaintive Voice,
And make e'en Sorrow's Echo rend the Air.

VII.

But ah! what String that ſtrikes upon the Lute,
Tho' e'er ſo ſtrain'd, ſhall bring the vocal Tone,
Or inward fix the liſt'ning Hearer mute,
And lift the Mind to Muſic's melting Zone?

VIII.

For ſince the Sov'reign of a regal Hour,
Gay-trailing Praiſe eſpouſes as his own,
And gilds the Vane on Panegyric's Tow'r,
What Pen ſhall right the King on Virtue's Throne?

IX.

Or whither ſhall Encomium take its Flight,
To reach the Man that with all Brightneſs teem'd;
That ſtreak'd the World, as Stars adorn the Night,
And like Perfection's pureſt Rainbow ſeem'd?

X.

Whoſe radiant Mind, great Soul, and lib'ral Heart,
Throughout each varied Scene by Nature ſway'd,
The ſpecious Gloſs indignant ſpurn'd of Art,
And all his Day was conſcious Truth obey'd.

XI.

But ere my flow'ring Numbers widely blow,
Or ſadd'ning Accents all their Grievance tell,
Methinks, that where the tend'reſt Feelings glow,
I'd caution as the rip'ning Pages ſwell.

XII.

For where's the Breaſt of Senſe ſo cloſely ſhorn,
That does not give the op'ning Tale a Sigh,
And ſend as Drops of Rain on April's Morn,
The Tear that gliſtens in Reflection's Eye?

XIII.

Since all the Gold e'er paid the Miners' Toil,
Between each boſom'd Strata ſcatt'ring laid,
Refin'd, and clear'd, from all its baſer Soil,
Ne'er the intrinſic Worth of PIGOT weigh'd.

XIV.

Or where's the Gem the Mines of India hide,
Obſcur'd amidſt the deep-embowell'd Ore,
That ſhows, attir'd in all its poliſh'd Pride,
With PIGOT's Luſtre—now, alas! no more.—

XV.

Cold Thought! that icicles all human Kind —
No more he lives the Jewel form'd to play
Upon the ſoft Affections of the Mind,
Nor ſparkle like a Diamond ev'ry Way.

XVI.

No more the Mirror ſtands whoſe bright Concave,
Reflecting ev'ry Good a Mirror can,
Each ſocial Tie the wond'ring Gazers gave,
And ev'ry moral Law that decks the Man.

XVII.

Wide as the Ganges, or Pacific Main,
His Tenderneſs, unwav'ring, held its Courſe,
Rich as the Nile, or Afric's river'd Grain,
Philanthropy's great Spring the only Source.

XVIII.

To Kindneſs, as the Rays of Solar true,
Whate'er the Path he trod, 'twas ſtill the ſame;
Or this, or that, the conſtant End in view,
To rear in Candor's Warmth a Chriſtian's Name.

XIX.

Free as the Gale that ſweeps the ſpicy Way,
Unbiaſs'd in his Will, by Wealth, or Birth;
He ſtretch'd his Hand, extended as the Day,
Nor leaſt delighted in the humbleſt Worth.

XX.

But as thro' Life the fleeting Minutes flew,
Mov'd by the Pendulum of Truth alone,
Each little Tick his wound-up Value knew,
And ev'ry Virtue in its Round was ſhown.

XXI.

No Froſt e'er chill'd him 'gainſt a friendleſs Plea,
When fault'ring urg'd within Compaſſion's Scope,
To ev'ry Caſe he bloſſom'd as a Tree,
And foliag'd out to warm the ſhiv'ring Hope.

XXII.

And ah! how oft'—his Goodneſs was ſo meek—
Has he, with all the Fondneſs of the Mother,
Scarce wip'd the Sorrow from ſome Orphan's Cheek,
And dried its little Tear—but ſhed another!

XXIII.

But why be-wreathe him with abſtracted Bays,
Whoſe Life's whole Scene was copied from above,
And paſt ſo well within the Verge of Praiſe,
That Men, with Cenſure fraught, were woo'd to love.

XXIV.

Or why his Mem'ry bid Mankind deplore,
When Sympathy herſelf is found to moan,
And feel, as Lovers doom'd to meet no more,
The Loſs of one ſo long embrac'd her own.

XXV.

For, ah! what numb'ring Years this eaſtern Sun,
Amidſt the vivid Splendor of its Ray,
Was ſeen in Honor's Zodiac to run,
Nor dark'ning Shade eclips'd it in its Way.

XXVI.

As brighten'd into Mortals' Sight, the Moon,
Illumin'd by the Sun's enlight'ning Fire,
Spreads forth, in paly Beams, another Noon,
And wins the midnight Trav'ller to admire.

XXVII.

So ev'ry Conſtellation fixed there,
Its Greatneſs, PIGOT, firſt deriv'd from thine,
Ow'd to thy Influence its tow'ring Sphere,
And all its Rank in Fame's elliptic Line.

XXVIII.

What ſmaller Planets too in favour'd Place,
Or Meteors glitt'ring by thee wafted high,
Their Orbits courſing round thy circling Grace,
Be-ſtarr'd, and canopied, great Aſia's Sky.

XXIX.

Such was the Man! as Summer's moiſt'ning Dew,
Or ev'ning Shade, alike endear'd to all,
Whoſe ev'ry Thought unſpotted Whiteneſs ſhew,
As Snow's chaſte Breaſt ere black'ning Vapors fall:

Such—

XXX.

Such—farewell Coromandel's dear Delight!
Of India's blooming Pride the ſtatelieſt Flow'r!
Oh, ſuch was PIGOT! robb'd of Truſt and Right,
And made the Victim of a lawleſs Pow'r.

XXXI.

But that a gracious Providence forbears,
For ſome wiſe End too deep for Reaſon's Thread,
Jove's reddeſt Bolts had told the T****t's Years,
Or Lightning's rapid Flaſh had ſtruck them dead.

XXXII.

To ſee her Darling ſoldier'd to his Jail,
The Day had bluſh'd, and ſicken'd at the Sight;
The angry Clouds had burſted down in Hail,
And Darkneſs thrown around the Veil of Night.

Each

XXXIII.

Each aromatic Scent had diſtant fled,
The parching Noon all Fruits had ſcorch'd away,
Each drooping Tree all trick'ling down had bled,
And Poiſon's deadlieſt Touch had laid each Spray.

XXXIV.

No more the feather'd Warblers' cheering Note,
That glides harmonious thro' the neighb'ring Sky,
Had in the liquid Air been heard to float,
Or call the Morn to Expectation's Eye.

XXXV.

As on the Ides of March, when Faction's Hate,
Great Cæſar dagger'd from the Roman Weal,
With Blood more purpled than the Robes of State,
And Brutus fac'd his Stab with patriot Zeal:

XXXVI.

So had Madraſs itſelf, o'ercharg'd with Rage,
All tott'ring ſhook within her inmoſt Baſe,
To ſee the vile Diſhonor of the Age,
On PIGOT heap'd—but more its own Diſgrace!

XXXVII.

Or had the oriental Fathers drew,
Or augur'd of its Favorite ſo foul,
It had diſguſted Envy's blackeſt Crew,
And pierc'd the dulleſt Wonder to the Soul.

XXXVIII.

Muſt Treach'ry too be made to whet the Blow,
Or Malice tip the Shaft with pois'ning Lead,
That flies vindictive from the Traitors' Bow,
To fix a People's Curſes on their Head?

XXXIX.

Or muſt, ye Gods! all Faith be broken through,
Or driven from the Rebel's folio Book,
To mark the Villain from the better few,
And ſink each comely Feature from the Look?

XL.

Elſe why Sedition's Aſiatic Tribe,
Did Inſult dare ſuggeſt the damn'd Device;
And S****t, Judas like, won by a Bribe,
Betray his Gov'nor for the Sacrifice?

XLI.

Aſſaulted e'en in Light's meridian Glare,
Black Uſurpation clench'd its noble Prey,
Reſolv'd Oppreſſion's boldeſt Heights to dare,
And cruſh the captive Foe that barr'd the Way.

'Twas

XLII.

'Twas then! ye Vot'ries of a thinking Mood—
Ye griev'd on Law the Ethiopian Stain,
But, more with ſilent Horror penſive ſtood,
To find your active Aid employ'd in vain.

XLIII.

'Twas then! ye Liſt'ners to the mournful Bard—
That all the Source of public Wrong could trace;
See Juſtice, as expiring, gaſping hard,
And fatal Illneſs ſpreading o'er her Face.

XLIV.

Each anxious Friend foreſaw the deſtin'd Lot,
In Fate's red Volume written o'er and o'er;
For, Rulers once within a Priſon got,
Death turns the Key—and ev'ry Hope's no more!

XLV.

But what can civil Force, when martial Hands,
As Hounds are taught and pamper'd for the Hunt,
At Tyrants' Beck ſend forth their ruffian'd Bands,
And crimſon e'en Aſſaſſins' rugged Front.

XLVI.

Nine tedious Courſes did fair Luna's Queen,
Sequeſter'd from the World's eternal Din,
Bewail the Pris'ner, as herſelf ſerene,
And by a greater World enlarg'd within.

XLVII.

Oh! could the redd'ning Lines be blotted out,
That dart your fairer Hiſtory to foil;
That like an Adder wind it round about,
And make all honeſt Indignation coil!

Nor

XLVIII.

Nor is it fit, ye bleſt arcadian Race,
Whoſe Joy it is to hail the choſen Dead,
That ſuch a Life ſhould fall to dire Diſgrace;
From Glory ſprung—and as her Offspring bred!

XLIX.

One, for whoſe Sake her Standard high was rear'd,
In whom our ev'ry Paſſion did accord,
With all the Ornaments of Life be-peer'd,
And in ſuperior Merit moſt a Lord.

L.

As Rome's Cincinnatus with laurell'd Brow,
Freed from the ſnake-engender'd Maze of State,
Forſook his Home, his Peace, his Field, and Plough,
To ſave his Country from her menac'd Fate:

LI.

So, like the vet'ran Patriot, yet alive
To India's dearer Self, he ſought her Shore,
Again her drooping Spirits to revive,
But ah!—his native Land to ſee no more.

LII.

But wherefore drops my Muſe her ſilver Tear?—
If adverſe Fortune ſometimes jars our Senſe,
Or loads the great, or good, with worldly Care,
The ſecret Bent of all—'tis far from hence!

LIII.

How oft' when Men like Saints the neareſt ſeem,
As if array'd for Heaven's ſpangled Roof,
Misfortune whirls them from the glorious Beam,
And PIGOT's ſure might well be ta'en in proof!

LIV.

Yet what avails this ill-judg'd Triumph o'er
The Man that ſhew'd himſelf Oppreſſion's Bane!
Shall Av'rice at his Death all Limits ſoar,
And never dread the lev'lling Scythe again?—

LV.

Shall now each haughty Tyrant ſwell his Cheſt,
And Senates buy, as of Jugurtha told?—
Or ſov'reign Right by Brib'ry be oppreſt,
And Juſtice to the higheſt Lack be ſold?

LVI.

Shall Princes of the Eaſt no more admire,
The Man that will their Liberties defend,
And fan into a Blaze their grateful Fire—
Nor TANJORE's RAJAH meet again a FRIEND?—

Alas!

LVII.

Alas! e'en PIGOT's Name, tho' deep in Duſt,
That long ſhall form a good Man's boaſted Pride,
And paſs, as Gold, thro' Ages void of Ruſt,
Shall Av'rice awe—and Rapine's daring Stride.

LVIII.

Av'rice! foul Out-caſt from the Fiends below,
That ever feſt'ring in a ſordid Heart,
Its Feeling blunts to all the Points of Woe,
And brutalizes ev'ry manlier Part:

LIX.

That, like the Heat from Sol's moſt torrid Zone,
The finer Fibres of our Nature tears,
Its velvet Texture hardens into Stone,
And all the Down of human Softneſs ſears:

That

LX.

That, each pure Principle debaſing, ores
Our innate Maſs with ev'ry groſſer Kind;
Strikes in the Dew of Mildneſs as it pores,
And ſtops the oozing Sweetneſs of the Mind.

LXI.

Awak'ning with Aurora's lovely Fluſh,
Long ſhall the Hero ride her welcom'd Chaſe,
Arouſe th' Uſurpers to their daily Bluſh,
And ſtrike Confuſion in the guilty Face.

LXII.

As on the Morn of Death's untimely Doom,
When ſcarce his vital Lamp had ſhown its laſt,
Fear ſpread from Thought to Thought its low'ring Gloom,
And ev'ry hoſtile Mind became o'ercaſt.

LXIII.

But ah! how more that Night of keen Reproach,
When t'wards the Fort his Corſe is ſeen to bend,
And Mourners wrapt in ſable Grief approach,
To bear the laſt ſad Office of a Friend!

LXIV.

When, near the ſadd'ning Fort, they all explore,
The cold Repoſitory of their Chief,
Where, Soldier-like, ſome Twenty Years before,
He toil'd a Two-Month's Siege for their Relief.

LXV.

On ev'ry one Remembrance ſtamps the Deed,
And points to where his Valour was ſo known;
Where, in his Country's Cauſe, he ruſh'd to bleed,
And, for its Life and Freedom—dar'd his own!

Where,

LXVI.

Where, now alas! their PIGOT's borne to lie—
On that lov'd Spot ſo ſacred to his Name!
Where, when the Foe appear'd to caſt the Die,
He bade them live—with Victory and Fame.

LXVII.

When cluſt'ring Cohorts climb'd the Roman Walls,
The Forum of the World all ſhrunk away!
Adown the Breach young Manlius drove the Gauls,
And brought them once again imperial Sway!

LXVIII.

So, braving thus the French, by Lally led,
'Midſt Slaughter's Threat, but more pale Famine's Fear,
His Proweſs the exhauſted Soldiers fed,
And gave them high-ton'd Conqueſt for Deſpair.

Long

LXIX.

Long thro' the Realms of India's beaten Tract
Shall Admiration's Flaſh tranſmit the Sound,
And o'er each Region burſt th' echoing Fact,
Till PIGOT ſhall from Pole to Pole rebound.

LXX.

But ah! to Heaven would it ne'er had fell—
She hears her Genius, palſied o'er, exclaim;
Since on the Wing it mounts the Tale to tell,
A Second's ſent that puts the Firſt to Shame.

LXXI.

So, ere ſix Times her Eagle's annual Flight,
Arraign'd unjuſtly with deſpotic Guilt,
Rome hurl'd her Manlius down the Tarpeian Height,
E'en where the Capitol he ſav'd was built.

Yet,

LXXII.

Yet, ſay! what tyrant Force, however arm'd,
Shall, in its hateful Page, a Power date,
To make the Heart with genuine Woe alarm'd,
Forget at Virtue's Touch to palpitate?

LXXIII.

Aſide the flaming Torch each ſteals a Glance,
To catch the Look that hangs on Sorrow's Sleeve,
And as the ſolemn Rites all ſlow advance,
Each greets the Silence with a BRITISH Heave.

LXXIV.

Now from a faithleſs World, the fun'ral Crowd,
Around his Grave in thick'ning Numbers ſwell,
And preſs to ſhed upon his rev'renc'd Shroud,
The dear Libations of a long Farewell!

LXXV.

Oh! wretched Triumph o'er the ſeeming Will,
How little doſt thy Aim diſcern aright?
Whate'er thy Gift, or Bias is, yet ſtill —
The Hireling feels Remorſe, and loaths thy Sight.

LXXVI.

Can now the purchas'd Odium PIGOT reach?
When wond'ring all who fell'd the ſhelt'ring Tree,
Each Stander-by, diſus'd awhile to Speech,
In tacit Show exclaims — ah! can it be!

LXXVII.

And ſay, ye Men! who pant for lawleſs Reign,
Who legal Right with boundleſs Rule confound —
What's all thy golden Dream but varied Pain,
Or ſhows thy Summit's Top but Hate around?

LXXVIII.

Nor ſhould the beating Heart unwiſely throw
The pregnant Hint aſide that bids it pauſe,
Nor think the Man too ſoon from hence can go,
Who meets an envied Death in Virtue's Cauſe!

LXXIX.

As yon' dejected Dwelling in our Eye,
Bereft of valued Son, or near of Kin,
Hangs on its mournful Front to Paſſers-by,
The 'ſcutcheon'd Index of the Loſs within:

LXXX.

So, mourning o'er the ſad untoward End,
That has from all a dear Relation torn —
Since all muſt loſe a Kinſman in a Friend —
The ſpreading Hatchment on each Face is worn.

Farewell!

LXXXI.

Farewell! farewell! each lab'ring Boſom ſighs—
Farewell! thou fav'rite Sound on India's Lyre;
Tranſcendent Excellence of all we prize,
Whoſe Worth ſhall raiſe a monumental Spire.

LXXXII.

Go! thou, the Foremoſt of our Worthies' Train,
That ſweetly ſet the Muſes' gen'rous Songs,
Compos'd of Patriots mourn'd, or Warriors ſlain—
And ſtartle LAURENCE with thy cov'ring Wrongs.

LXXXIII.

Would ev'ry One that hither braves the Sea,
Take thy Example o'er Ambition's Nod,
Nor Conſcience Barter for a Nabob's Fee,
But ſeek a JAGHIRE only from their GOD!

Then

LXXXIV.

Then might fair India claſp ye to her Climes,
That give to Europe's Sons her Wealth to ſhare;
Might celebrate their Names to After-times,
And own each Tomb, as PIGOT's, with a Tear.

LXXXV.

Where, oft' wand'ring, as with a Pilgrim's Vow,
Spectators of a ſentimental Turn,
Shall to his dear-lamented Aſhes bow,
And ſtrew theſe Invocations o'er his Urn:—

LXXXVI

Oh! may his Shrine be wing'd to ſecond Birth,
Where Glory's circling Beams the Good intwine,
And ev'ry Bliſs that mocks the Soul on Earth,
Is ſeen from Heaven's Fount to flow divine:

LXXXVII.

Where Peace and blooming Summer boundleſs reign,
On Zephyr's fragrant Gale ſuffuſing o'er,
Each flow'ry Mead, and ever-daſied Plain,
Delighting Joys that gather'd ſpring the more!

LXXXVIII.

There! may each Herald of the Cherub Race,
Recall thee, PIGOT! from the Folds of Death;
And hover round thee to the ſweet'ning Grace,
That for a MORTAL gives IMMORTAL Breath.

FINIS.

ERRATUM. In Stanza xxxvi. line 2, for *her* read *its*.